



*THE CENTURY
SHAKESPEARE*



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

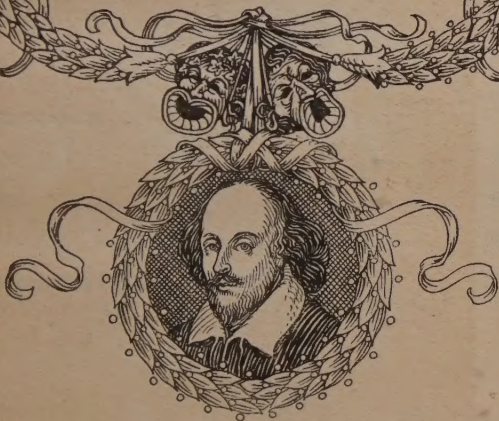


F. PECHT. PINXT.

Bertram and Helena.

SHAKESPEARE

ALL'S WELL THAT
ENDS WELL



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CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	9
TEXT	25
NOTES	163
GLOSSARY	167
MAP (SHOWING SCENE OF PLAY)	173

INTRODUCTION

BY

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ASSISTED BY JOHN MUNRO

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.—In the period of Shakspeare's work on which we now enter, we have left behind us his bright, sweet time, and are at the entrance to his gloomy one. Instead of coming with outstretcht hand and welcoming smile of lip and eye to greet such plays as *Much Ado*, *As You Like It*, even *Twelfth Night*, we turn with half-repugnance from *All's Well*, and wish Shakspeare had given the subject the go-by. Yet for its main feature—a woman forcing her love on an unwilling man—Shakspeare has prepared us in his two last plays (as well as an earlier one), by Phœbe in *As You Like It*, by Olivia in *Twelfth Night*, endeavouring to force their loves on two supposed men, Rosalind¹ and Viola. But none the less is the reality distasteful to us, when the supposed man becomes a man indeed. Why then did Shakspeare choose this story of Giglietta di Nerbona pursuing Beltramo, which he found in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*,² A.D. 1566, taken from Boccaccio's

¹ We must recollect too that Rosalind made the first advances to Orlando.

² Painter's english story is printed in Hazlitt's *Shakspeare's Library*, Part I., vol. iii., pp. 140-151. The Introduction says, "Shakspeare

Introduction

Decamerone?¹ For the same reason, I conceive, that Chaucer took from the same Italian source—tho' through Petrarch's Latin version of it²—the Clerk's story of Griselda, to show what woman's love, what wifely duty, would do and suffer for the man on whom they hung. The tale of woman's suffering, of woman's sacrifice for love, was no new tale to Shakspeare. His Adriana of the *Errors*, Hermia and Helena of *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Sylvia and Julia of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Juliet of *Romeo and Juliet*, Hotspur's widow of 2 *Henry IV.*, Hero of *Much Ado*, Rosalind of *As You Like It*, Viola of *Twelfth Night*, had brought home to him, as they have to us, the depth and height of women's love:—

“Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes,”

willing to face rebuke, repulse, the unsexing of themselves, base service, exile, nay, the grave, so that thereby the loved one might be won or servd. And when Shakspeare saw Giglietta's story, he recognised in it the same true woman's love undergoing a more repulsive trial, that of unwomanliness, than he had yet put any of his heroines to; and he resolv'd that his countrymen should know through what apparent dirt pure love *would* pass, and *could*, unspotted and unsmircht. *Apparent* dirt, I say, because I can't see

adopted all the main incidents from the novel . . . the characters of the Countess, the Clown, and Parolles are new in Shakspeare, and there is no hint in the Italian of any part of the comic scenes in which Parolles is engaged.”

¹ But through Boaisuan or Belleforest, from Bandello.

² I've printed Latin and Italian together in my Chaucer Society *Originals and Analogues*.

Introduction

that what would be right, or justifiable, in a man when in love to secure his sweetheart or wife, can be wrong or unjustifiable in a woman. Equality in choice and proposal, should be allowed, as Thackeray says. Another lesson Shakspeare had, too, to teach to pride of birth in England; a lesson that, before him, his father Chaucer had taught in many a line, repeated none so oft (see his *Gentleness*, *Wife's Tale*, &c.), and a lesson not yet learnt here; one that never will be learnt, I fear:—

“ Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent;
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.”

All's Well is, I doubt not, *Love's Labour's Won* recast.¹ Both have the name Dumain in common; in both is the Labour of Love: that which is the growth of a life is won here, that which is the growth of a day being lost in the earlier play. Moreover, no intelligent person can read the play without being struck by the contrast of early and late work in it. The stiff formality of the rymed talk between Helena and the king is due, not to etiquette, but to Shakspeare's early time: so also the end of the play. Like “notes” are, the Countess talking a stanza, I. iii.

¹The theme of the play is, after all, that of love's labour's won. The wit and womanhood of Helena win for her again the love, poor as it may be, that she has labored for and lost.—M.

Introduction

p. 44, as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Romeo and Juliet*; Helena's and Parolles's letters like sonnets, III. iv. (p. 95), IV. iii. (pp. 128-9); also see early passages in II. i. 131-212 (pp. 58-61); V. iii. 59-71 (p. 148), 289-292 (p. 159), 299-302, 312-17, 325-40 (pp. 160-1), &c. Compare too II. iii. 73-105 (pp. 68-9), 125-145 (pp. 70-1); the end of IV. ii. p. 118, &c. See Mr. Fleay's Paper, *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.* 1874. The play was first printed in the Folio of 1623.

For the backward and forward reach of the play, as in the other Second-Period comedies, let us note that Helena in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, with her desire to force herself on Demetrius, is the prototype of Helena of *All's Well*. We have the parallel expression in *All's Well*, "the hind that would be mated by the lion must die for love," in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, "the mild hind makes speed to catch the tiger." But note the wondrous difference in depth and beauty of character of the two Helenas, also the absence here of the youthful *Midsummer-Night's Dream* face-scratchings, long legs, and funny conceit of the moon tumbling through the earth. And notice, too; that as for the earliest of these middle-time comedies, *Much Ado*, we found the prototype in the earliest of Shakspeare's first-time ones, *Love's Labour's Lost*; as for the second of the middle-time comedies, *As You Like It*, we found the prototype in *Love's Labour's Lost* too (with *The Merchant*); as for the third middle-time comedy, *Twelfth Night*, we found the prototype in his second first-time comedy, the *Errors* (with his

Introduction

fourth, *The Two Gentlemen*), so here for his fourth middle-time comedy we find the prototype in his third first-time play, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. It is an interesting undesignd coincidence of succession. I claim it as a confirmation of my order of the first three plays. *Romeo and Juliet*, in Lady Capulet's speech about Tybalt, III. v. p. 115, gives us the parallel of Lafeu's "moderate lamentation" and "excessive grief," I. i. p. 28, and Diana Capulet's name. *The Merchant of Venice* gives us the ring parallel, and the contrast of Portia being chosen, and its happy result, with Helena's choosing, and its unhappy outcome for a time. Pistol in 2 *Henry IV.* and mainly *Henry V.* is the prototype of Parolles, who is but Pistol refined and developt with a touch of Falstaff added, while Parolles's echoing of Lafeu (Act II. sc. iii.) is clearly recollected from Sir Andrew Aguecheek's echoing of Sir Toby Belch in *Twelfth Night*. Parolles's proposal to give himself "some hurts, and say I got them in exploit" (Act IV. sc. i. p. 112) is a remembrance of Falstaff's proposal and its carrying out in 1 *Henry IV.*, after Prince Hal and Poins have robd the merry old rascal, &c. Also Parolles's exposure by his comrades is suggested by that of Falstaff by Prince Hal and Poins, and is like that of Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*. *The Second Part of Henry IV.* gives us, too, Falstaff's explanation of his abuse of Prince Hal to Doll Tearsheet, as the original of Parolles's excuse for his letter to Diana Capulet abusing Bertram.

As to the forward reach of the play, the link with the *Sonnets* is of the strongest. Think of Shakspeare,

Introduction

the higher nature, but the lower in birth and position, during his separation from his Will, so handsome, high-born, hating marriage, misled by unworthy rivals, also selfish and sensual, and compare him with the poor, lowly-born Helena, richer and higher in noble qualities, longing for, dwelling in mind on, her handsome Bertram, high-born, hating marriage, misled by Parolles, selfish and sensual too. So far Shakspeare and Helena are one, and Will is Bertram. *Hamlet* gives us, in Polonius's advice to Laertes, the development of the Countess's counsel to Bertram, "love all, trust a few," &c. In *Measure for Measure*, the *All's Well* substitution of the woman who ought to be a man's bed-mate for the one who ought not so to be, but whom he desired to have, is used again with the very same precautions against discovery, not to stay too long or to speak, &c. The name Escalus used here is also that of the Prince in *Romeo and Juliet* and of the Governor in *Measure for Measure*; and for our Corambus here we get a Corambis in the first quarto of *Hamlet*. For the parallel to the sunshine and the hail in the king at once here, we go to *Lear* for the sunshine and rain at once in Cordelia, whose smiles and tears were like a better day. For our Clown's "flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire" we turn to the *Macbeth* porter's "primrose way to the everlasting bonfire." For our

"Time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp,"

Introduction

we turn to *Cymbeline* with its

“ Leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander
Out-sweetened not thy breath.”

To Belarius in the same play we go for Touchstone's and the Clown's contrast of court and country here, and for Imogen, to match the despised, neglected Helena, willing to give up her native land and life for the husband who had so wrongd her. Helena, though condemnd by many women and some men, has yet had justice done her by Coleridge, who calls her Shakspeare's "loveliest character"—and he wrote *Genevieve*;—and Mrs. Jameson, who says: "There never was perhaps a more beautiful picture of a woman's love cherisht in secret, not self-consuming in silent languishment, not desponding over its idol, but patient and hopeful, strong in its own intensity, and sustained by its own fond faith. Her love is like a religion, pure, holy, deep. The faith of her affection combining with the natural energy of her character, believing all things possible, makes them so. It would say to the mountain of pride which stands between her and her hope, 'Be thou removed,' and it is removed." She is the opposite of Hamlet, as she says:—

“ Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.”

And she believes that great maxim so often forgotten even now—

“ Whoever strove
To show her merit that did miss her love.”

Introduction

We can judge her best by the impression that she made on others; and if we compare the praises of her by Lafeu, the king, the Clown, and the Countess who knew her from her childhood and who at least five times sings her praise, we see that Bertram's words of her are justified: Helena is "she who all men praised." Quick as she is to see through Parolles, she cannot see through Bertram. Love blinds her eyes. How beautiful is her confession of her love for him to his mother, and how pretty is old Lafeu's enthusiasm for her! Let those, too, who blame her, notice her drawing back for the time on Bertram's declaring he can't love her and won't try to.¹ Thenceforward she is passive in the king's hands. It is he, for his honour's sake, who bids Bertram take her; and after the young noble's seemingly willing consent, she must have been more than woman to refuse to marry the man whom she knew her love alone could lift from the mire in which he was willingly wallowing. They are wedded; and the foolish husband takes counsel of his fool, and leaves his wife; and then, without the kiss she asks so prettily for, he sends her home. What she has thenceforth to do she tells us:—

"Like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own."

How little like a triumph, and possession of her love! Her husband's brutal letter does but bring

¹ "*Helena.* That you are well restored, my lord, I'm glad.
Let the rest go.

King.

My honour's at the stake," &c.—II. iii. p. 72.

Introduction

into higher relief her noble unselfishness and love for him. Her only desire is to save him. She knows the urgency of his "important blood," and takes advantage of it to work a lawful meaning in a lawful act, and so without disgrace fulfils the condition that his baseness has made precedent to his reunion with her. For Bertram, the question one is obliged to ask is, how came the son of such a father and such a mother to be what he was? Seeing him even with Helena's eyes, what has he to recommend him but his good looks? What other good quality of him comes out in the play? Physical courage alone. Of moral courage he has none. Headstrong he is, a fool, unable to judge men, lustful, a liar, and a sneak. One thing he has to pride himself in, his noble birth, and that does not save him from being a very snob. He lies like Parolles himself, and even more basely, when he wants to get out of a scrape. I cannot doubt that it was one of Shakspeare's objects in this play to show the utter worthlessness of pride of birth, as he had done in *Love's Labour's Lost* of wit, unless beneath the noble name was a noble soul. As Berowne (Biron) had to be emptied of the worthless wit he prided himself upon, so had Bertram of his silly aristocraticness, his all, before he could be filled with the love of the lower-born lady of God's own make, which should lift him to his true height.

Munro adds: "Shakspeare's use of Boccaccio's story of Giglietta of Narbonne, as translated by Painter, serves once more to illustrate his masterly dramatic insight and his quick apprehension of the

Introduction

best way of re-forming a story for stage purposes. His task as a playwright in this case was to reconcile the character of a beautiful woman, conceived as true and noble, with her part as the wooer of a rich and handsome man, who was intellectually and morally her inferior. Another dramatist, with a superficial view of human character and human impulse, might have created an ideal Bertram who accepted an inferior Helena, out of his own deep love, and essentially because of his own ripe manhood, and in response to that fundamental idea, in the mind of our great poet, that the way of nature, the beautiful office of fatherhood and motherhood, is the best and the noblest way for the best and the noblest of mankind. This last law of humanity is in the mind of Prospero, the Shakspeare of later days, when he bequeaths his Miranda to the man she loves; but before these times to be, years have to pass by,—years productive of *Julius Cæsar*, where the mightiest of men is shown in all his mortal weakness, friendships are broken, and the empire of the world is at stake,—of *Hamlet*, where the fundamental actions and emotions of men are called into question,—of *Measure for Measure*, where man is shown in all his bestiality and sin,—of *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *Lear*, where natures become warped, and sink thro' crime to their ruin. Truly it is not in Bertram that Shakspeare will now show us the impulse towards that way of life which is noblest and best. As Portia is to be pure in *Cæsar*, Ophelia in *Hamlet*, Isabella in *Measure for Measure*, Desdemona in *Othello*, and Cordelia in *Lear*, surely truth, strength, and virtue

Introduction

are to be with Helena in *All's Well*. What Bernard Shaw in his modern plays shows with quixotic irreverence, Shakspeare here portrays reverently and with an insight impossible to the later dramatist. His device is to surround the heroine with a number of characters in whom her nobility may be reflected. All this is an innovation on the original story. Lafeu, the Steward, the Clown, Parolles, and the Countess, all serve to enhance the beautiful womanhood of Helena, just as much as the wayward Bertram himself and the king do. Lafeu is plain, honest, and wise; he has the shrewdness which comes to the experienced man of court, sees through Parolles like a lattice, and rebukes him with words before which the rogue is dumb. He is the first to recognise Parolles's true quality, and is the first to punish him; and yet, such is his kindness of heart, he is the first to forgive him and help him in distress. Johnson strangely misunderstood his fine character when he assigned to him the verbiage of Parolles. The Steward, Rinaldo, like Malvolio, is attentive and faithful; his purpose is simply, as the fittest and most likely instrument, to discover the love of Helena for Bertram, and to report it to the Countess. He is trusted by his mistress implicitly, and it is he who writes to the unworthy Bertram the letter that, in the words of the lords, so changes him, 'almost into another man.' Of the Countess herself one cannot speak too highly. We see all her matronly tenderness and nobility in the way in which she leads Helena to confess her love so that its telling shall not hurt her; in the way in which she so generously

Introduction

helps her ward to accomplish her difficult task ; in her sorrowful anger against her son for his unworthy conduct. She does, indeed, threaten to disown him, but mother-like puts all the blame on Parolles,—who is, of course, partly to blame,—and her son remains still dear to her through all. The Clown is not an exceedingly amusing creation, like Launce and his fellows. Like the Fool in *Lear*, he is here used for dramatic purposes. He comprehends Parolles's true worth and properly names him ; we see him contrasted in various situations with the Countess, with Lafeu, with Parolles, and with Helena. Of all these, the first case is the most important. Occurring early in the play as the scene between the Countess and the Clown does, and in the same scene as Helena's beautiful confession of her love, the Clown's desire for marriage, and his statement of his reasons, must have been designed in contrast to Helena's purer and more elevated passion. The Clown's utterances on marriage, 'My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh ; and *he* must needs go that the devil drives,' are the lowest expression of that same impulse which has its highest and divinest being in the characters of Juliet and Helena. Parolles, himself, had even given the same argument. The Clown, like Hamlet, has a low idea of womankind ; he repeats the old jest about heaven and hell (Act II. sc. iv. p. 79) ; and he identifies a melancholy man with one who likes singing, like the affected Jacques.

"Of Parolles one can say nothing good : he has all Falstaff's mean vices and none of his strength ; part

Introduction

of Barnardine's callousness, and none of his resolution, bad as it is ; everyone with whom he meets, recognises him at once as a mean and paltry scoundrel. Helena knows his worthlessness, and gives him to understand so ; but he afterwards has his revenge by blackening her character even to the honest citizens of Florence, where he becomes Bertram's pander. He incites his master to adopt the fastidious mannerisms of the time,—a process which we know Shakspeare despised, and against which the good king speaks ; he boasts of his prowess, and lies of his travels ; age can never bring him manhood, and misfortune can never humble or correct him. He is a coward whose own boasting and bravado are made the means to his downfall. Like Malvolio, who errd only in his conceit, he stands self-reveald before his undeceivd master and superiors. And yet, even after the ignominious proof and publication of his infamy, he is unrepentant : as he had no honor to lose, and no conception of honor to make its absence felt, he makes no complaint over his fall ; the same thing might have happend to any man, he thinks : ' Who cannot be crushed with a plot ? ' he asks. Those things of which ~~he alone~~ thought, the carnal comforts of life, eating, drinking, and sleeping, are just as much his, after his fall, as before it ; and in this reflection he finds satisfaction. But the Clown despises him and taunts him ; and he is finally reduced to beg from the man who formerly lasht him with scathing words.

" Bertram is a weak character, so weak that Parolles can influence him alone of all the men he meets, and

Introduction

so lacking in perception that he alone, of all the people who know him, receives Parolles as honest. Hamlet possesseth some of his father's greatness; Cordelia was like Lear purged of his rashness; Coriolanus received his nobility from the noble Volumnia; but Bertram in no way resembles his splendid mother, as we see her, or his father, sometimes addicted to pensiveness, as the king knew him. His mother, like the king, and like Theseus, too, in a lesser degree, in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, can see the utter foolishness of the caste distinctions which were then, and unfortunately still are, made so much of by many people. But like most of these blood-proud individuals, if Bertram was conceited about his social rank, he had nothing else to be conceited about. His habit of viewing all human transactions from the point of view of social status is unalterable: even when the king, in his fine speeches on the true worth and nobility of the wise and virtuous, has led him to accept Helena, he takes her, not in appreciation of the treasure thus given him, but because she, who was in his thoughts most base, is now the praised of the king, and thus is 'so ennobled,' as if she were born so. He speedily proves himself unworthy of his fortune, and of the tenderness and devotion of Helena, whom he basely deserts, and whose memory he outrages by his infamous actions. He who considered rank the necessary condition of marriage, runs after the daughter of a citizen, who, like the true women in the *Merry Wives*, is too clever for the dissolute adventurer Bertram, here aping Falstaff. One sees what his vows are

Introduction

worth when confronted with Diana, his aptitude for lies, and his cowardice. He does not know the value of his jewel until he has lost it; and when he possesses it once more, one hopes, with some misgiving, that his better self will gain the ascendant, and that, rid of Parolles, he will strive dutifully to make amends for the wayward errors of his youth.

"The king is a strong and venerable character, possessing those first graces of a king, virtue and gratitude. It is significant that the dramatist puts into the mouth of the king himself, the highest of all in rank, those remarkable words on the true conditions of nobility, the declaration of the foolishness of basing distinction between men on supposed difference of blood. The king has a strong and constant nature, a body weakend by disease, but a heart still buoyant and unafflicted by his infirmity. It says something for the influence that Helena was able to exercise, that she could induce him to try her when his best physicians had faild. The king knows Bertram's character and the ways of youth: he warns him against the girls of Italy; and when he finds his advice has been thrown away, and is angry, he readily forgives, on the promise of better things.

"The great central figure and heroine of the play is, of course, Helena, and the dramatist adopted every means to enhance her beauty and virtue. Helena's tenderness is her most evident characteristic. The evils which come to Bertram in consequence of his own folly and evil, she ascribes to herself; she leaves

Introduction

home that he may return to it; and nobly she forgives him for his ignoble conduct towards her.¹

"The citizens whom Shakspeare presents to us, are honest, hospitable folk, who understand the failings of courtiers, and are ware of them. The way in which the lords and their men sprang on Parolles in the highway, was a common practice with the 'knights of the road,' as the robbers facetiously named themselves. These gentry were wont to spring out on the unsuspecting traveller, uttering all sorts of incomprehensible gibberish, in order to confuse and dismay him.

"Eleven days are represented on the stage, with intervals (Daniel's 'Analysis,' *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*; 1877-9, p. 173).

"Different fruits and flowers are mentioned in *All's Well*, but it is difficult from these to fix the play's season. Ellacombe says (*New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*; 1880-6, pp. 71-2): 'There is a pleasant note of the season in—

"'Time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp.' (Act IV. sc. iv. p. 135.)

But probably that is only a proverbial expression of hopefulness, and cannot be pushed further."

In *All's Well that Ends Well* we take our leave of the last play of Shakspeare's delightful Second Period whose sunshine has gradually clouded to prepare us for the coming storm.

¹ See Mrs. Jameson's words about her, above.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon.*

LAFEU, *an old Lord.*

PAROLLES, *a Follower of Bertram.*

*Several young French Lords,
who serve with Bertram in
the Florentine War.*

*Steward to the Countess of
Rousillon.*

Clown, in her Household.

A Page.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON,
Mother to Bertram.

HELENA, *a Gentlewoman pro-
tected by the Countess.*

A Widow of Florence.

DIANA, *her daughter.*

VIOLENTA, { *Neighbours and*
MARIANA, { *Friends to the*
 Widow.

*Lords, attending on the King ;
Officers, Soldiers, &c., French
and Florentine.*

SCENE.—Partly in France and partly in Tuscany

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—Rousillon. A Room in the
COUNTESS'S Palace

*Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON,
HELENA, and LAFEU, all in black*

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a
second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my
father's death anew ; but I must attend his
majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,
evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam ;—you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment ?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam ; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that 'had !' how sad a passage 't is !—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty ; had it stretched so far 'twould have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living ! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam ?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so :—Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam : the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly and mourn-

ingly. He was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'T is the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek.—No more of this, Helena.—go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have.

All's Well that Ends Well

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed ; but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that ?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram ; and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape ! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright ! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none ; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use ; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key ; be checked for silence,
But never taxed for speech. What Heaven more
will,

That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head ! Farewell.—My lord,
'T is an unseasoned courtier : good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him !—Farewell, Bertram.

[*Exit.*]

Ber. [*To HELENA.*] The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you. Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady : you must hold the credit of your father.

[*Exeunt BERTRAM and LAFEU.*]

Hel. O, were that all !—I think not on my father ;

And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like ?

I have forgot him : my imagination
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.

I am undone : there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one

That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me :

In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.

The ambition in my love thus plagues itself :

The hind that would be mated by the lion

Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,

To see him every hour ; to sit and draw

His archéd brows, his hawking eye, his curls,

In our heart's table ; heart too capable

Of every line and trick of his sweet favour :

But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.—Who comes here?
One that goes with him: I love him for his
sake,

And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fixed evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft
we see

Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Enter PAROLLES

Par. Save you, fair queen!

Hel. And you, monarch!

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in
you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy
to virginity; how may we barricado it against
him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though
valiant in the defence, yet is weak. Unfold to us
some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none : man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up !—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men ?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up : marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase ; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found : by being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'T is too cold a companion : away with 't.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in 't ; 't is against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin ; virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese, consumes itself to

All's Well that Ends Well

the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not: you cannot choose but lose by 't. Out with 't: within the year it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with 't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'T is a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't, while 't is vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears: it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 't is a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 't is a withered pear. Will you anything with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.—

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,

A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear ;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster ; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall :—God send him well !—
The court's a learning-place ;—and he is one—

Par. What one i' faith ?

Hel. That I wish well.—'T is pity—

Par. What's pity ?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,
Which might be felt ; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think : which
never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit.*

Par. Little Helen, farewell : if I can remember
thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety. But the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which my instruction shall serve to naturalise thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends. Get

All's Well that Ends Well

thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee :
so farewell. [Exit.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven : the fated sky
Gives us free scope ; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high,
That makes me see and cannot feed mine eye ?
The mightiest space in fortune Nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose
What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove
To show her merit that did miss her love ?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fixed and will not leave me.
[Exit.

SCENE II.—Paris. A Room in the KING'S
Palace

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE
with letters ; Lords and others attending*

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the
ears ;

All's Well that Ends Well

Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 't is reported, sir.

King. Nay, 't is most credible : we here receive
it

A certainty, vouched from our cousin Austria,
With caution that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid ; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wisdom,
Approved so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath armed our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes :
Yet for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What 's he comes here ?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES

1 *Lord.* It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

All's Well that Ends Well

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's
face ;

Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral
parts

May'st thou inherit too ! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness
now,

As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership. He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Disciplined of the bravest : he lasted long ;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords ; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
So, like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness ; if they were,
His equal had awaked them, and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obeyed his hand : who were below him

He used as creatures of another place,
 And bowed his eminent top to their low ranks,
 Making them proud of his humility ;
 In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
 Might be a copy to these younger times
 Which, followed well, would demonstrate them
 now

But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
 Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb :
 So in approof lives not his epitaph
 As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him ! He would
 always say,—
 Methinks, I hear him now : his plausible words
 He scattered not in ears, but grafted them
 To grow there and to bear,——‘Let me not
 live,’—

Thus his good melancholy oft began,
 On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
 When it was out, ‘Let me not live,’ quoth he,
 ‘After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
 Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
 All but new things disdain ; whose judgments are
 Mere fathers of their garbs ; whose constancies
 Expire before their fashions.’—This he wished :—

All's Well that Ends Well

I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolvéd from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 Lord. You are loved, sir ;

They that least lend it you shall lack the first.

King. I fill a place, I know 't.—How long is 't,
count,

Since the physician at your father's died ?

He was much famed.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him
yet :—

Lend me an arm :—the rest have worn me out
With several applications : nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count ;
My son's no dearer.

Ber Thank your majesty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Rousillon. A Room in the
COUNTESS's Palace

Enter COUNTESS, Steward and Clown

Count. I will now hear : what say you of this
gentlewoman ?

All's Well that Ends Well

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you, I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness, that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam; 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned. But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage, and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue of my body, for they say, barnes are blessings.

All's Well that Ends Well

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh, and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am aweary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to in the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo* he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to

All's Well that Ends Well

be what they are, there were no fear in marriage ; for young Charbon the Puritan and old Poysam the Papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one ; they may joll horns together like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave ?

Clo. A prophet I, madam ; and I speak the truth the next way.

*For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find ;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind. •*

Count. Get you gone, sir : I'll talk with you more anon

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you ; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her ; Helen I mean.

Clo. *Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sackéd Troy ?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this King Priam's joy ?
With that she sighéd as she stood,
With that she sighéd as she stood,
And gave this sentence then ;*

All's Well that Ends Well

Among nine bad if one be good,

Among nine bad if one be good,

There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What! one good in ten? You corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam, which is a purifying o' the song. Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth'a! an we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you!

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth: the business is, for Helen to come hither. *[Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage,

All's Well that Ends Well

may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds : there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me : alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears ; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son. Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates ; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level ; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterwards. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in ; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal, sithence in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly : keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me : stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit Steward.*]

All's Well that Ends Well

Even so it was with me when I was young.

If we are nature's, these are ours ; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong ;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born :
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impressed in youth :
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults,—or then we thought them
none.

Enter HELENA

Her eye is sick on 't : I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam ?

Count.

You know, Helen,

I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count.

Nay, a mother.

Why not a mother ? When I said, 'a mother,'
Methought you saw a serpent ; what's in 'mother,'
That you start at it ? I say, I am your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombéd mine. 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature ; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds ;
You ne'er oppressed me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care.—
God's mercy, maiden ! does it curd thy blood

All's Well that Ends Well

To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distempered messenger of wet,
The many-coloured Iris, rounds thine eye?—
Why? that you are my daughter?

Hel.

That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel.

Pardon, madam ;

The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother :
I am from humble, he from honoured name ;
No note upon my parents, his all noble :
My master, my dear lord, he is ; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die.
He must not be my brother.

Count.

Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam : would you
were—

So that my lord, your son, were not my brother—
Indeed my mother!—or were you both our
mothers,

I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-
in-law.

God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?

All's Well that Ends Well

My fear hath catched your fondness : now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 't is gross,
You love my son : invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not : therefore tell me true ;
But tell me then, 't is so :—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, the one to the other ; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it : only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is 't so ?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew ;
If it be not, forswear 't : howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my son ?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress.

Count. Love you my son ?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam ?

Count. Go not about : my love hath in 't a
bond,

Whereof the world takes note. Come, come, dis-
close

The state of your affection, for your passions

All's Well that Ends Well

Have to the full appeached.

Hel.

Then, I confess,

Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high Heaven,
I love your son.—

My friends were poor, but honest ; so's my love :
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is loved of me. I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit ;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him,
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love
For loving where you do : but, if yourself,
Whose agéd honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and Love : O, then, give pity
To her, whose state is such that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose ;

All's Well that Ends Well

That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent—speak
truly,—

To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore?—tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he willed me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note. Amongst the
rest,

There is a remedy approved set down
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is rendered lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord, your son, made me to think of
this;

Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.

All's Well that Ends Well

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind ; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help. How shall they
credit

A poor unlearnéd virgin, when the schools,
Embowelled of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself ?

Hel. There's something in 't
More than my father's skill, which was the
greatest

Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven : and, would your
honour

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on 's grace's cure
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't ?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave,
and love,

Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.

All's Well that Ends Well

Be gone to-morrow ; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—Paris. A Room in the KING's Palace

*Flourish. Enter KING, with divers young Lords
taking leave for the Florentine war ;
BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants*

King. Farewell, young lords : these warlike
principles

Do not throw from you :—and you, my lords,
farewell.—

Share the advice betwixt you ; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 't is received,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'T is our hope, sir,
After well-entered soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young
lords ;

Whether I live or die, be you the sons

Of worthy Frenchmen : let higher Italy—
Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy—see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it : when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell.

2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your
majesty !

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them :
They say, our French lack language to deny
If they demand : beware of being captives
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*Exit, led out by Attendants.*]

1 *Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will stay
behind us !

Par. 'T is not his fault, the spark.

2 *Lord.* O, 't is brave wars !

Par. Most admirable : I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil
with,—

'Too young,' and 'the next year,' and 't is too
early.'

Par. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away
bravely.

All's Well that Ends Well

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with. By Heaven! -I'll steal
away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessory; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured
body.

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin.
Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—
you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one
Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of
war, here on his sinister cheek: it was this very
sword entrenched it: say to him, I live, and
observe his reports for me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices!—

What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king—

[*Re-enter the KING, led back to his chair by
Attendants.*

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble

All's Well that Ends Well

lords : you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu : be more expressive to them ; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star ; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewy swordsmen.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM and PAROLLES.

Enter LAFEU

Laf. [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man stands, that has bought his pardon.

I would, you had kneeled, my lord, to ask me mercy,

And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had ; so I had broke thy pate, And asked thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, across. But, my good lord, 'tis thus :

All's Well that Ends Well

Will you be cured of your infirmity ?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox ?

Yes, but you will, my noble grapes, an if

My royal fox could reach them. I have seen

A medicine that's able to breathe life

Into a stone,

Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary

With spritely fire and motion ; whose simple
touch

Is powerful to araise King Pepin ; nay,

To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand,

And write to her a love-line.

King.

What 'her' is this ?

Laf. Why, Doctor She. My lord, there's one
arrived,

If you will see her :—now, by my faith and
honour,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts

In this my light deliverance, I have spoke

With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,

Wisdom, and constancy, hath amazed me more

Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see
her—

For that is her demand—and know her business ?

That done, laugh well at me.

All's Well that Ends Well

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*

King. Thus he his special nothing ever pro-
logues.

Re-enter LAFEU with HELENA

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings, indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

This is his majesty, say your mind to him :
A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together. Fare you well.
[*Exit.*

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow
us ?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbonne was my father,
In what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards
him ;

All's Well that Ends Well

Knowing him, is enough. On 's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have so ;
And, hearing your high majesty is touched
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden ;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom Nature
From her inaidable estate ; I say, we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To émpirics, or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains :
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

All's Well that Ends Well

King. I cannot give thee less, to be called grateful.

Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I give

As one near death to those that wish him live ;
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister :
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes ; great floods have
flown

From simple sources ; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises ; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee : fare thee well,
kind maid.

Thy pains, not used, must by thyself be paid :
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspiréd merit so by breath is barred.
It is not so with Him that all things knows
As 't is with us that square our guess by shows ;

All's Well that Ends Well

But most it is presumption in us when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men,
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent ;
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim ;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what
space

Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quenched his sleepy lamp ;
Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulgéd shame,
Traduced by odious ballads : my maiden's name
Seared otherwise ; ne worse of worst extended,

With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth
speak

His powerful sound, within an organ weak ;
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear ; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate ;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call :
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserved. Not helping, death's my fee :
But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even ?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of
heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly
hand

What husband in thy power I will command :
Exempted be from me the arrogance

To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state ;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand ; the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served :
So make the choice of thy own time ; for I,
Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,—
Though more to know could not be more to trust,—
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on ; but rest
Unquestioned welcome, and undoubted b'est.—
Give me some help here, ho !—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. A Room in the COUNTESS'S
Palace

Enter COUNTESS and Clown

Count. Come on, sir : I shall now put you to
the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly
taught. I know, my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court? why, what place make

All's Well that Ends Well

you special, when you put off that with such contempt?—‘But to the court?’

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off’s cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court. But, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that’s a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber’s chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib’s rush for Tom’s forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for Mayday, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun’s lip to the friar’s mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to 't: ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir!—there's a simple putting off. —More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir!' at your whipping, and 'Spare not me'? Indeed, your 'O Lord, sir!' is very sequent to your whipping: you

All's Well that Ends Well

would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my 'O Lord, sir!' I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—why there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir: to your business. Give
Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son.
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them?

Count. Not much employment for you: you understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

All's Well that Ends Well

SCENE III.—Paris. A Room in the KING's
Palace

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES

Laf. They say, miracles are past ; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 't is the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 't is.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say : both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right ; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 't is ; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right ; as 't were a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well ; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

All's Well that Ends Well

Par. It is, indeed : if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do you call there?—

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it ; I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier : 'fore me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 't is strange, 't is very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it ; and he is of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of Heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence : which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Par. I would have said it ; you say well. Here comes the king.

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says : I'll like a

maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head.
Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

Laf. Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side:
And with this healthful hand, whose banished
sense

Thou hast repealed, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful
parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make.

Thou hast power to choose, and they none to
forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous
mistress

Fall, when Love please!—marry, to each, but
one.

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal and his furniture.

My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well :
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restored the King to
health.

All. We understand it, and thank Heaven
for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid ; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid.—
Please it your majesty, I have done already :
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
'We blush that thou shouldst choose ; but, be
refused,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever :
We'll ne'er come there again.'

King. Make choice ; and see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit ?

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir : all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw
ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,

Before I speak, too threateningly replies :
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love !

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant ! and so I take my
leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her ? An they were sons
of mine, I 'd have them whipped, or I would send
them to the Turk to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should
take ;

I 'll never do you wrong, for your own sake :
Blessing upon your vows ! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed !

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they 'll none
have her : sure, they are bastards to the English :
the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too
good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy
father drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I

am a youth of fourteen : I have known thee already.

Hel. [*To BERTRAM.*] I dare not say, I take you ;
but I give

Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her ;
she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege ! I shall beseech your
highness,

In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me ?

Ber. Yes, my good lord ;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has raised me from my
sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising ? I know her well :
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife !—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever !

King. 'T is only title thou disdain'st in her, the
which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,

Of colour, weight, and heat, poured all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous—save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter—thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name ; but do not so :
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed :
Where great additions swell 's, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour. Good alone
Is good without a name ; vileness is so :
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair ;
In these to nature she's immediate heir,
And these breed honour : that is honour's scorn
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire : honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our foregoers. The mere word's a slave,
Deboshed on every tomb ; on every grave,
A lying trophy ; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damned oblivion is the tomb
Of honoured bones indeed. What should be said ?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest : virtue, and she,
Is her own dower ; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restored, my lord, I'm glad.

Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake, which to defeat I must produce my power. Here, take her hand ; Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift, That dost in vile misprision shackle up My love, and her desert ; that canst not dream, We, poisoning us in her defective scale, Shall weigh thee to the beam ; that wilt not know, It is in us to plant thine honour where We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt : Obey our will, which travails in thy good : Believe not thy disdain, but presently Do thine own fortunes that obedient right Which both thy duty owes and our power claims ; Or I will throw thee from my care for ever Into the staggers and the careless lapse Of youth and ignorance ; both my revenge and hate

Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice, Without all terms of pity. Speak : thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord, for I submit

My fancy to your eyes. When I consider
What great creation and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king ; who, so ennobled,
Is, as't were, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine : to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the king
Smile upon this contract ; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be performed to-night : the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love 's to me religious, else, does err.

[*Exeunt* KING, BERTRAM, HELENA,
Lords, and Attendants.]

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur ? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir ?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his
recantation.

Par. Recantation ?—My lord ? my master ?

Laf. Ay ; is it not a language I speak ?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is of another stylé.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow: thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel: it might pass; yet the scarfs, and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee: when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice,

fare thee well : thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart ; and thou art worthy 'of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it ;
And I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal : for doing I am past ;—as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. *[Exit.]*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me, scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord !—Well, I must be patient ; there is no fettering of

authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him : an if I could but meet him again !

Re-enter LAFEU

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married : there's news for you ; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs : he is my good lord : whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who ? God ?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion ? dost make hose of thy sleeves ? do other servants so ? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee : methinks 't, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee : I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir ; you were beaten in Italy for

picking a kernel out of a pomegranate : you are a vagabond, and no true traveller. You are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [Exit.

Par. Good, very good ; it is so then :—good, very good. Let it be concealed a while.

Re-enter BERTRAM

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever !

Par. What is the matter, sweet-heart ?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have
sworn,

I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweet-heart ?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me !—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more
merits

The tread of a man's foot. To the wars !

Ber. There's letters from my mother : what the
import is,

I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars
my boy ! to the wars !

He wears his honour in a box, unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions
France is a stable ; we, that dwell in 't, jades ;
Therefore, to the war !

Ber. It shall be so : I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled ; write to the king
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure ?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away : away to-morrow.
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound ; there's noise in
it ; 't is hard :

A young man married is a man that's marred :
Therefore away, and leave her : bravely go ;
The king has done you wrong ; but hush, 't is so.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Paris. Another Room in the Palace

Enter HELENA and Clown

Hel. My mother greets me kindly : is she well ?

Clo. She is not well ; but yet she has her health : she's very merry ; but yet she is not well : but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world ; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well ?

Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things ?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly ! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly !

Enter PAROLLES

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady !

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on ; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave ! How does my old lady ?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man ; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away ! thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave 'thou'rt a knave' ; that is, before me thou'rt a knave : this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool ; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir, or were you taught to find me ? The search, sir, was profitable ; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave i' faith, and well fed.—
 Madam, my lord will go away to-night ;
 A very serious business calls on him.
 The great prerogative and rite of love,
 Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge,
 But puts it off to a compelled restraint ;
 Whose want, and whose delay, is strewed with
 sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave
o' the king,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthened with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtained, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In everything I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Another Room in the Same

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him
a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true. I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour ; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes. I pray you, make us friends : I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES

Par. [*To BERTRAM.*] These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor ?

Par. Sir ?

Laf. O, I know him well. Ay, sir ; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. [*Aside to PAROLLES.*] Is she gone to the king ?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night ?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses ; and to-night,

When I should take possession of the bride,
End, ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner, but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard, and out of it you 'll run again rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil.

[*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common
speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procured his leave
For present parting; only he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular: prepared I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you;
For my respects are better than they seem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view
To you that know them not. This to my mother.
[Giving a letter.

All's Well that Ends Well

'T will be two days ere I shall see you : so,
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have failed
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go :
My haste is very great. Farewell : hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say ?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe ;
Nor dare I say 't is mine, and yet it is ;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have ?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much :—nothing,
indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would, my lord :—
Faith, yes ;—

Strangers and foes do sunder and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my
lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?

—Farewell.

[*Exit HELENA.*

Go thou toward home ; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.—
Away ! and for our flight.

Par.

Bravely, coragio !

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—Florence. A Room in the DUKE'S
Palace

*Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE,
attended ; two French Lords, and Soldiers*

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have
you heard

The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 *Lord.*

Holy seems the quarrel

Upon your grace's party ; black and fearful
On the opposer's.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin
France

Would, in so just a business shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord.

Good my lord,

The reasons of our state I cannot yield
But like a common and an outward man
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion : therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guessed.

Duke.

Be it his pleasure.

2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our
nature,

That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke.

Welcome shall they be,

And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well ;
When better fall, for your avails they fell.

To-morrow to the field.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. A Room in the
COUNTESS'S Palace

Enter COUNTESS and Clown

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing. I know a man, that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come.

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court. Our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. *[Exit.*

Count. *[Reads.]* "I have sent you a daughter-

in-law : she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her ; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear I am run away : know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son, BERTRAM."

This is not well : rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king !
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire !

Re-enter Clown

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within,
between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter ?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news,
some comfort : your son will not be killed so soon
as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed ?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear
he does : the danger is in standing to 't ; that's the
loss of men, though it be the getting of children.
Here they come will tell you more ; for my part, I
only hear your son was run away. [*Exit.*

Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen

1 *Gent.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gent.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentlemen,—

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't :—where is my son, I pray
you ?

2 *Gent.* Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of
Florence.

We met him thitherward ; for thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam : here's my
passport. [*Reads.*] “When thou canst get the
ring upon my finger, which never shall come off,
and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I
am father to, then call me husband : but in such a
then I write a *never*.” This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen ?

1 *Gent.*

Ay, madam ;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our
pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer ;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence
is he?

2 Gent. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 Gent. Such is his noble purpose ; and,
believe't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of
speed.

Hel. [*Reads.*] "Till I have no wife, I have no-
thing in France."

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 Gent. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand,
Which haply, his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no
wife !

There's nothing here that is too good for him,
But only she ; and she deserves a lord

All's Well that Ends Well

That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with
him?

1 *Gent.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.

Count. Parolles, was 't not?

1 *Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of
wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gent.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Count. Y'are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses : more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2 *Gent.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt* COUNTESS and Gentlemen

Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in
France."

Nothing in France, until he has no wife !
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France ;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord ! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing-war ? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where
thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets ? O you leaden messengers
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim ; move the still-piecing air
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord !
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there ;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it ;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 't were,
I met the ravin lion when he roared
With sharp constraint of hunger : better 't were,
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home,
Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all : I will be gone.
My being here it is that holds thee hence :

Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
 The air of Paradise did fan the house,
 And angels officed all : I will be gone,
 That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
 To console thine ear. Come, night ; end, day !
 For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Florence. Before the DUKE'S Palace
Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM,
PAROLLES, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others

Duke. The general of our horse thou art ; and we,
 Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
 Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber.

Sir, it is

A charge too heavy for my strength ; but yet
 We'll strive to bear it, for your worthy sake,
 To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke.

Then go thou forth,

And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
 As thy auspicious mistress !

Ber.

This very day,

Great Mars, I put myself into thy file ;
 Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
 A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rousillon. A Room in the
COUNTRESS's Palace

Enter COUNTESS and her Steward

Count. Alas ! and would you take the letter of
her ?

Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter ? Read it again.

Stew. [*Reads*]. ‘*I am Saint Jaques’ pilgrim,
thither gone.*

*Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.*

*Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son, may lie :
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify.*

His taken labours bid him me forgive :

*I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth :*

*He is too good and fair for Death and me,
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.’*

All's Well that Ends Well

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words !—

Rinaldo, you ne'er lacked advice so much
As letting her pass so : had I spoke with her
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam :
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en ; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband ? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to
hear

And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife :
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light : my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger.—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return ; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me I have no skill in sense

To make distinction.—Provide this messenger.—
 My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak ;
 Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Without the Walls of Florence

*A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence,
 DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citizens*

Wid. Nay, come ; for if they do approach the
 city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most
 honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their
 greatest commander, and that with his own hand
 he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our
 labour ; they are gone a contrary way : hark ! you
 may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come ; let's return again, and suffice our-
 selves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take
 heed of this French earl : the honour of a maid is
 her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have
 been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave ; hang him ! one

Parolles : a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana ; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under : many a maid hath been seduced by them ; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further ; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim : I know she will lie at my house ; thither they send one another. I'll question her.—

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a Pilgrim

God save you, pilgrim !—whither are you bound ?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you ?

Wid. At the Saint Francis, here beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way ?

Wid. Ay, marry, is 't.—Hark you !

[*A march afar off.*]

They come this way.—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,

But till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodged :

The rather, for I think I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;

His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As't is reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.

All's Well that Ends Well

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the
count,

Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him;

In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated : all her deserving
Is a reservéd honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.

Dia. Alas, poor lady !

'T is a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ay, right ; good creature, wheresoe'er she
is,

Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might
do her

A shrewd turn, if she pleased.

Hel. How do you mean?

May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does indeed ;

And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid :

But she is armed for him, and keeps her guard

In honestest defence.

Mar.

The gods forbid else !

*Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the
Florentine army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES*

Wid. So, now they come.—

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son ;

That, Escalus.

Hel.

Which is the Frenchman ?

Dia.

He ;

That with the plume : 't is a most gallant fellow ;
I would he loved his wife. If he were honest,
He were much goodlier ; is 't not a handsome
gentleman ?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'T is pity, he is not honest. Yond's that
same knave

That leads him to these places : were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel.

Which is he ?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he
melancholy ?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum ! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something. Look,
he has spied us.

All's Well that Ends Well

Wid. Marry, hang you !

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier !

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *Officers,*
and Soldiers.]

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will
bring you

Where you shall host : of enjoined penitents
There's four or five, to Great Saint Jaqués bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you.

Please it this matron and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me ; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Camp before Florence

Enter BERTRAM *and the two French Lords*

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't: let
him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding,
hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord : in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him, lest, reposing too far in his virtue which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him : such I will have whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination : if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his

power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in anything.

2 *Lord.* O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum: he says he has a stratagem for 't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Enter PAROLLES

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on 't! let it go: 't is but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is 't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was an excellent command, to charge in with our horse upon our own wings and to rend our own soldiers!

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

All's Well that Ends Well

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success : some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum ; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might ; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered. But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on ; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit : if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it,

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening : and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant, and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done, damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost embossed him, you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old Lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him, which you shall see this very night.

1 *Lord.* I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 *Lord.* As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you

The lass I spoke of.

2 *Lord.* But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once,

And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature;

Will you go see her?

2 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's
House

Enter HELENA and Widow

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well
born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word ; and then you cannot
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you ;
For you have showed me that which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos your
daughter,

All's Well that Ends Well

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolved to carry her : let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 't is best to bear it.
Now, his important blood will naught deny
That she'll demand : a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore 't : this ring he holds
In most rich choice ; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid.

Now I see

The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring, appoints him an encounter,
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent. After this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid.

I have yielded.

Instruct my daughter how she shall perséver,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs composed
To her unworthiness : it nothings steads us

To chide him from our eaves, for he persists,
As if his life lay on 't.

Hel.

Why then, to-night

Let us assay our plot ; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let 's about it.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—Without the Florentine Camp

*Enter First French Lord, with five or six Soldiers
in ambush*

1 *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this
hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak
what terrible language you will: though you
understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we
must not seem to understand him, unless some one
among us, whom we must produce for an inter-
preter.

1 *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows
he not thy voice?

1 *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again ?

1 *Sold.* Even such as you speak to me.

1 *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now, he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages ; therefore, we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another, so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose : chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho ! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES

Par. Ten o'clock : within these three hours 't will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done ? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too foolhardy ; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

All's Well that Ends Well

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] This is the first truth that e'er
thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it: they will say, 'Came you off with so little?' and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say, it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] 'T would not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stripped.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's :
I would swear I recovered it.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's !

Alarum within.

1 *Lord.* *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O ! ransom, ransom !—Do not hide mine eyes. [*They seize and blindfold him.*]

1 *Sold.* *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know, you are the Muskos' regiment ;
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me :
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1 *Sold.* *Boskos vauvado :—*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue :—

Kerelybonto :—Sir,

Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. O !

1 *Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray :—
Manka revaniana dulce.

1 *Lord.* *Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.*

1 *Sold.* The general is content to spare thee
yet,
And, hoodwinked as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee : haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes ; nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully ?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 *Sold.* *Acordo linta.*—
Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.*]

1 *Lord.* Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my
brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him
muffled,
Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.

1 *Lord.* 'A will betray us all unto ourselves.
Inform on that.

2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.

1 *Lord*. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely locked.
[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE II.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess,

And worth it, with addition ! But, fair soul,

In your fine frame hath love no quality ?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,

You are no maiden, but a monument :

When you are dead, you should be such a one

As you are now, for you are cold and stern ;

And now you should be as your mother was

When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No :

My mother did but duty ; such, my lord,

As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more o' that !

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows.

All's Well that Ends Well

I was compelled to her ; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you ; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn !

Dia. 'T is not the many oaths that make the
truth,
But the plain single vow, that is vowed true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness : then, pray you,
tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes
I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths
When I did love you ill ? This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him. Therefore, your
oaths
Are words, and poor conditions, but unsealed ;
At least in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it.
Be not so holy-cruel : love is holy ;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,

All's Well that Ends Well

But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover : say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so perséver.

Dia. I see, that men make rope's in such a scarre,
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear ; but have no
power

To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord ?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathéd down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring.
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathéd down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose. Thus, your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring :
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my
chamber-window :
I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.

SCENE III.—The Florentine Camp

*Enter the two French Lords, and two or three
Soldiers*

1 *Lord*. You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord*. I have delivered it an hour since : there is something in 't that stings his nature, for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

1 *Lord*. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord*. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly within you.

1 *Lord*. When you have spoken it, 't is dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord*. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman, here in Florence, of a most chaste renown, and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour : he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord*. Now, God delay our rebellion : as we are ourselves, what things are we !

2 *Lord*. Merely our own traitors : and as in the common course of all treasons we still see them reveal themselves till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord*. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents ? We shall not then have his company to-night ?

2 *Lord*. Not till after midnight, for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord*. That approaches apace : I would gladly have him see his company anatomised, that he might take a measure of his own judgment wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord*. We will not meddle with him till he come, for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord*. In the meantime, what hear you of these wars ?

2 *Lord*. I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord*. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord*. What will Count Rousillon do then ? will he travel higher, or return again into France ?

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir ; so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house : her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand, which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished ; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief ; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified ?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters ; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death : her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence ?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses !

2 *Lord.* And how mightily, some other times, we

drown our gain in tears. The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord*. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together : our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not ; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant

How now ? where's your master ?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave ; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord*. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

1 *Lord*. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.

Enter BERTRAM

How now, my lord ! is 't not after midnight ?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success : I have congied with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest, buried a wife, mourned for her, writ to my lady mother I am returning,

entertained my convey; and between these main parcels of despatch effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord*. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit model: he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 *Lord*. Bring him forth. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*]
He has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

2 *Lord*. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk. He hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his sitting i' the stocks; and what think you he hath confessed?

All's Well that Ends Well

Ber. Nothing of me, has 'a?

2 *Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled? he can say nothing of me: hush! hush!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes!—*Porto tartarossa.*

1 *Sold.* He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 *Sold.* *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 *Lord.* *Boblibindo chicurmurcho.*

1 *Sold.* You are a merciful general.—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* 'First, demand of him, how many horse the duke is strong.' What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

All's Well that Ends Well

1 *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 *Lord.* You are deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist—that was his own phrase—that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said—I will say true—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for 't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir. A truth's a truth: the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 *Sold.* 'Demand of him, of what strength they are afoot.' What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see : Spurio, a hundred and fifty ; Sebastian, so many ; Corambus, so many ; Jaques, so many ; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each ; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each : so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll ; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him ?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks.—Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down. 'You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman ; what his reputation is with the duke ; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars ; or whether he thinks it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt.' What say you to this ? what do you know of it ?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories : demand them singly.

1 *Sold.* Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him : he was a botcher's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child ; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

[DUMAIN *lifts up his hand in anger.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands ; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me ; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band : I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know : either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sold.* Here 't is : here 's a paper ; shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

All's Well that Ends Well

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

1 *Sold.* [*Reads.*] '*Dian, the count's a fool, and
full of gold,—*

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir : that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid : for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both-sides rogue !

1 *Sold.* [*Reads.*] '*When he swears oaths, bid him
drop gold, and take it ;*

After he scores, he never pays the score :

*Half won is match well made : match, and well
make it :*

He ne'er pays after-debts ; take it before,

And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this.

Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss ;

For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,

All's Well that Ends Well

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in's forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir; the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 Sold. I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case! Not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

1 Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely: therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain. You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think

truth were a fool. Drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord*. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him! for me he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sold*. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile End, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord*. He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 *Sold*. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a cardecue he will sell the fee-

simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it ; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain ?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me ?

1 *Sold.* What's he ?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest ; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey ; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine ?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [*Aside.*] I'll no more drumming ; a plague of all drums ! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush, where I was taken ?

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must

die. The general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

1 *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. *[Unmuffling him.]*

So, look about you: know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[Exeunt BERTRAM, Frenchmen, &c.]

1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame,

you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir ; I am for France too : we shall speak of you there. [Exit.

Par. Yet am I thankful : if my heart were great,

'T would burst at this. Captain I'll be no more ;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall : simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a
braggart,

Let him fear this ; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword ! cool, blushes ! and, Parollez, live
Safest in shame ! being fooled, by foolery thrive !
There's place and means for every man alive !
I'll after them. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not
wronged you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety : fore whose throne, 't is need-
ful,

Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life ; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth
And answer thanks. I duly am informed,
His grace is at Marseilles ; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead : the army breaking,
My husband hies him home ; where, Heaven aid-
ing,

And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid.

Gentle madam,

You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel.

Nor you, mistress,

Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love. Doubt not, but Heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozened thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night ! So lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,

Under my poor instructions, yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you :
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away ;
Our waggon is prepared, and time revives us :
All's well that ends well : still the fine's the
crown ;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Rousillon. A Room in the
COUNTESS'S Palace

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and Clown

Laf. No, no, no ; your son was misled with a
snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villainous saffron
would have made all the unbaked and doughy
youth of a nation in his colour : your daughter-in-
law had been alive at this hour, and your son here
at home, more advanced by the king than by that
red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him. It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever Nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'T was a good lady, 't was a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. 'Faith, sir, 'a has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee;

and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways : let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature. *[Exit.]*

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him : by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness ; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well ; 't is not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king, my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter ; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His highness hath promised me to do it ; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it ?

Count. With very much content, my lord ; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles,

of as able body as when he numbered thirty : he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night : I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter ; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown

Clo. O madam ! yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face : whether there be a scar under it or no, the velvet knows ; but 't is a goodly patch of velvet. His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour ; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you : I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers which bow the head and nod at every man.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—Marseilles. A Street

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low : we cannot help it ;
But, since you have made the days and nights as
one,

To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can uproot you. In happy time ;

Enter a Gentleman

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen

Gent. • What's your will?

Gent. The king's not here.

Gent. Not, indeed :

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains !

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon ;

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,

141

I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well
thanked,

Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again :—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. The Inner Court of the
COUNTESS'S Palace

Enter Clown and PAROLLES

Par. Good Monsieur Lavatch, give my Lord
Lafeu this letter. I have ere now, sir, been better
known to you, when I have held familiarity with
fresher clothes ; but I am now, sir, muddled in
Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her
strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish,
if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of : I will
henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's buttering.
Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir :
I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will

stop my nose ; or against any man's metaphor.
Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh ! pr'ythee, stand away : a paper from Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman ! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU

Here is a purr of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat (but not a musk-cat), that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may, for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. *[Exit.]*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do ? 'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady and would not have knaves thrive long under her ? There's a cardecue for you. Let the justices make you and Fortune friends ; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more : come, you shall ha' 't ; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then,—Cox my passion ! give me your hand.—How does your drum ?

Par. O my good lord ! you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth ? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave ! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil ? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming ; I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me : I had talk of you last night. Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat : go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in the
COUNTESS'S Palace

Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, Lords,
Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it : but your son,
As mad in folly, lacked the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege ;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth,
When oil and fire too strong for reason's force
O'erbears it and burns on.

King. My honoured lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watched the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,—
But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note, but to himself
The greatest wrong of all : he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes ; whose words all ears took captive ;

Whose dear perfection hearts that scorned to serve
Humbly called mistress.

King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him
hither

We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill
All repetition.—Let him not ask our pardon :
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it : let him approach,
A stranger, no offender ; and inform him,
So 't is our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege.

[*Exit.*

King. What says he to your daughter ? have you
spoke ?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your
highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have
letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM

Laf. He looks well on 't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail

In me at once ; but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way : so stand thou forth ;
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole ;
Not one word more of the consuméd time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top,
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord ?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege.
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue :
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me
Which warped the line of every other favour,
Scorned a fair colour, or expressed it stolen,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
That she whom all men praised and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excused :
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away

From the great compt. But love that comes too
late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, 'That's good that's gone.' Our rasher
faults

Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave :
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust :
Our own love, waking, cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin :
The main consents are had ; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear
Heaven, bless !

Or, ere they meet, in me, O Nature, cess !

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's
name

Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. [*BERTRAM gives a ring.*]

—By my old beard,

And every hair that's on 't, Helen, that's dead,

Was a sweet creature ; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it ; for mine
eye,

While I was speaking, oft was fastened to't.—
This ring was mine ; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave
her

Of what should stead her most ?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,

Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,

I have seen her wear it ; and she reckoned it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceived, my lord ; she never
saw it.

In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapped in a paper, which contained the name
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought
I stood ingaged : but when I had subscribed

To mine own fortune, and informed her fully,
 I could not answer in that course of honour
 As she had made the overture, she ceased,
 In heavy satisfaction, and would never
 Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
 That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
 Hath not in nature's mystery more science
 Than I have in this ring: 't was mine, 't was
 Helen's,
 Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
 That you are well acquainted with yourself,
 Confess 't was hers, and by what rough enforcement
 You got it from her. She called the saints to
 surety,
 That she would never put it from her finger,
 Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
 Where you have never come, or sent it us
 Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine
 honour,
 And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
 Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
 That thou art so inhuman,—'t will not prove so ;—
 And yet I know not :—thou didst hate her deadly,

And she is dead ; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[*Guards seize* BERTRAM.

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly feared too little.—Away with him !
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber.

If you shall prove

This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*

Enter a Gentleman

King. I am wrapped in dismal thinkings

Gent.

Gracious sovereign,

Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not :
Here 's a petition from a Florentine
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquished thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending : her business looks in her
With an importing visage, and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*Reads.*] ‘Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour’s paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O king! in you it best lies: otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.’

‘DIANA CAPILET.’

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this: I’ll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee,
Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery. — Seek these
sutors:—

Go speedily, and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt Gentleman and some Attendants.*
I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatched.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, guarded

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow and DIANA

What woman's that?

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derivéd from the ancient Capilet:
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and
honour

Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count. Do you know these
women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me
further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your
wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me;
Either both, or none.

Laf. [*To BERTRAM.*] Your reputation comes too short for my daughter : you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,

Whom sometime I have laughed with. Let your highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend

Till your deeds gain them ; fairer prove your honour

Than in my thought it lies.

Dia. Good my lord,

Ask him upon his oath, if he does think He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her ?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord ;

And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord : if I were so, He might have bought me at a common price :

Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,

Whose high respect, and rich validity,

Did lack a parallel ; yet, for all that,

He gave it to a commoner o' the camp

If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 't is it :
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferred by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife :
That ring 's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument : his name 's Parolles

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Ber. What of him ?

He 's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world taxed and deboshed,
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,
That will speak anything ?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, she has : certain it is, I liked her
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy ; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,

Subdued me to her rate : she got the ring,
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient ;
You, that turned off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,—
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,—
Send for your ring ; I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you ?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring ? this ring was his of
late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it
him

Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoken the truth.

Re-enter Attendant with PAROLLES

Ber. My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts
you.—

Is this the man you speak of ?

Dia.

Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master—

Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off—

By him and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman : tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose. Did he love this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her ; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave. What an equivocal companion is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said ; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what : yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of : therefore, I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married. But thou art too fine in thy evidence ; therefore, stand aside.—

This ring, you say, was yours ?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it ? or who gave it you ?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you ?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then ?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,

How could you give it him ?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord : she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine : I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away : I do not like her now.
To prison with her ; and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while ?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty.
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to 't :
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life !
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to LAFEU.*

King. She does abuse our ears. To prison with her !

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. [*Exit widow.*]
—Stay, royal sir :

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harmed me, here I quit him.
He knows himself my bed he hath defiled,
And at that time he got his wife with child :
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick.
So there's my riddle,—one that's dead is quick ;
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes ?
Is 't real, that I see ?

Hel. No, my good lord ;
'T is but the shadow of a wife you see ;
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both ! O, pardon !

Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring ;
And, look you, here's your letter ; this it says :
“ When from my finger you can get this ring.
And are by me with child,” &c.—This is done
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won ?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this
clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you !—
O my dear mother, do I see you living ?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon.
—[*To PAROLLES.*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a
handkerchief : so, I thank thee. Wait on me
home, I'll make sport with thee : let thy courtesies
alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story
know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow.

[*To DIANA.*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped
flower,

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower ;

For I can guess, that by thy honest aid

Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—

Of that, and all the progress, more and less,

Resolvedly more leisure shall express :

All yet seems well ; and if it end so meet,

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Flourish.*]

All's Well that Ends Well

EPILOGUE

King. The king's a beggar now the play is done.

All is well ended, if this suit be won—

That you express content ; which we will pay

With strife to please you, day exceeding day :

Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts ;

Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES

I. i. p. 29. **These great tears, &c.**—Her tears are shed for the loss of Bertram, and betoken a far deeper grief than had ever graced the memory of her father, for whom the Countess and Lafew suppose her to be weeping.

I. i. pp. 30-32. **Are you meditating on virginity?**—The conversation with Parolles is probably an interpolation 'to tickle the ears of the groundlings,' made from some earlier play; a hiatus occurs at 'Not my virginity yet,' where the insertion ends, and a loss of several lines is most probable. Hanmer attempted to supply the link thus:

"Not my virginity yet.—You're for the Court:
There shall your master," &c.

but neither this nor Malone's similar proposal makes a sufficient transition to Helena's speech.

I. ii. p. 37. **His tongue obeyed his hand.**—Carrying on the metaphor of the clock. *His* = its.

I. ii. p. 38. **As creatures of another place.**—With all the distant courtesy due to visitors from other countries.

I. iii. p. 42. **Charbon the Puritan and Poysam the Papist.**—Probably these names are adapted from '*Chair-bonne*' (charcoal), and '*Poisson*' (fish), in allusion to the respective Lenten fare of the Puritan and the Papist.

I. iii. p. 43. **There's yet one good in ten.**—The original version ran, "There's yet nine good in ten," alluding to the ten sons of Priam, of whom only one, Paris, committed an outrage, by carrying off Helen of Troy.

I. iii. p. 45. **These are ours**—i.e. these pangs of secret passionate love.

Notes

I. iii. p. 46. **Daughter and mother so strive upon your pulse.**—The love of a daughter, and the unwillingness to accept the name 'daughter,' contend for mastery in your emotions.

I. iii. p. 49. **Notes, whose faculties, &c.**—Prescriptions of medicines in which lie more potency than would appear from the list of ingredients.

II. i. p. 52. **Higher Italy . . . monarchy.**—Both '*higher*' and '*bated*' are probably corrupt. '*Higher Italy*' has been explained to mean either "Upper Italy" (to which neither Florence nor Siena belong), or "the noblest of the Italians." Schmidt took '*higher*' to mean "high," and '*bated*,' "beaten down." The general sense is 'Let the Italians, whose heritage is but the fall of Rome, &c.'

II. i. p. 52. **Not to woo honour, but to wed it.**—Not merely to seek fleeting honour, but to make it a perpetual possession.

II. i. p. 54. **Across.**—Properly a term in tilting for a clumsy, misplaced stroke, here used for an unskilful hit, in reference to the King's retort.

II. i. p. 55. **To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand.**—Charlemagne, though a patron of learning, tried in vain to acquire the art of writing late in life. His father, King Pepin, is named as a type of one long dead.

II. i. p. 57. **A modest one, to bear me back again.**—A bare expression of approval, an admission that my offer, though refused, is not regarded with displeasure.

II. i. p. 59. **Against the level of mine aim.**—Contrary to the real end I have in view.

II. ii. p. 62. **Tib's rush for Tom's finger.**—*Tib* and *Tom* were the equivalents of "Jack and Jill," but always as cant names to designate low and vulgar persons. Rush-rings were sometimes used at rustic weddings, especially by the lowest class, amongst whom marriage was lightly regarded.

II. iii. p. 65. **Galen and Paracelsus.**—Parolles characteristically catches at the first names that occur to him

Notes

of great 'artists' in medicine. Johnson transfers these words to Lafeu on the ground that Parolles is throughout pretending to "knowledge and sentiments which he has not," and "to bring out the whole merriment of the scene."

II. iii. p. 66. **A showing of a heavenly effect.**—This is doubtless in ridicule of some lost pamphlet so entitled.

II. iii. p. 68. **Ames-ace.**—Lafeu humorously expresses the extreme opposite of his meaning. Dr. Brinsley Nicholson quotes a modern equivalent of Lafeu's witticism: "One praising a sweet-songed prima donna says: "I'd rather hear her sing than walk a hundred miles with peas in my boots."'

II. iii. p. 77. **For picking the kernel out of a pomegranate.**—For a trivial offence.

II. v. p. 83. **Him that leaped into the custard.**—The Lord Mayor's Fool performed this feat at civic feasts, an enormous bowl of custard being provided for the purpose.

III. i. p. 87. **That the great figure of a council frames by self-unable motion.**—'The reasons of our state I cannot give you, excepting as an ordinary and uninitiated man, whom the august body of a government-council creates with power unable of itself to act,' or 'with power incapable of acting of its own accord and independently.'

III. ii. p. 92. **A deal of that too much, which holds him much to have.**—A superfluity of that which upholds him, namely, an excessive vanity.

III. iv. p. 95. **Saint Jaques' pilgrim.**—A pilgrim to the shrine of St. James of Compostella in Spain.

III. vi. p. 104. **John Drum's entertainment.**—A proverbial phrase meaning, "an ignominious expulsion." Holinshed tells, in the *Description of Ireland*, of an hospitable Mayor of Dublin whose "porter, or any other officer, durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man that resorted to his house Tom Drum's entertainment,

Notes

which is, to hale a man in by the head and thrust him out by both shoulders."

IV. i. p. 112. **Bajazet's mule.**—An unexplained allusion. The suggestion that Parolles means Balaam's ass is unlikely, as his blunders are not of this verbal character.

IV. ii. p. 116. **Jove's.**—Probably substituted for 'God's' in obedience to the statute against profanity passed in 1606.

IV. ii. p. 117. **I see that men make rope's in such a scarre, that we'll forsake ourselves.**—'*Make*' is used in the old sense of 'make bring linnen' (cause linen to be brought; 'Henry IV. made bring Richard II.' *Make* = do, cause to be done). So, 'men make us ('s = us) to be roped or enclosed in such a difficulty or trouble that we'll forget ourselves.'

IV. iii. p. 120. **God delay our rebellion**—*i.e.* the rebellion of our passions against our allegiance to Himself.

IV. iii. p. 126. **If I were to live this present hour**—*i.e.* if I am to live no more than this present hour.

IV. iii. p. 129. **He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister.**—"He would steal anything, however trifling, from any place, however holy" (Johnson).

IV. iii. p. 129. **Nessus.**—The Centaur who ravished Deianeira, the bride of Hercules.

IV. v. p. 137. **An English name.**—Edward, 'the Black Prince.'

V. iii. p. 148. **Shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.**—Hate, overcome by shame, is temporarily put to sleep.

V. iii. p. 150. **Tinct and multiplying medicine.**—The elixir of the alchemists used in transmuting baser metals into gold.

GLOSSARY

About: "go not —," be straightforward. I. iii. p. 47.
Accordingly: equally. II. v. p. 82.
Act: action, active life. I. ii. p. 37.
Additions: titles. II. iii. p. 71.
Admiration: the object of admiration. II. i. p. 56.
Adoptious christendoms: adopted names, such as it was customary to lavish upon the object of affection. I. i. p. 33.
Advertisement: advice. IV. iii. p. 128.
Advice: discretion. III. iv. p. 96.
Alone must: may only. I. i. p. 33.
Ames-ace: for *ambs-ace*, both aces, double aces; the lowest throw of the dice. II. iii. p. 68.
Ample: amply. III. v. p. 99.
Anatomised: laid bare. IV. iii. p. 120. (*See Notes.*)
Antiquity: old age. II. iii. p. 74.
Appeached: impeached, revealed the truth. I. iii. p. 48.
Apprehensive: impressionable. I. ii. p. 38.
Approof: general approbation. I. ii. p. 38; "valiant —," proved valour. II. v. p. 81.
Approved so: so well proved. I. ii. p. 36.
Araise: raise from the dead. II. i. p. 55.
Armipotent: omnipotent. IV. iii. p. 129.
Artists: great physicians. II. iii. p. 65.
Attends: awaits. II. iii. p. 67.

Authentic: authorised, accredited. II. iii. p. 65.
Avails: advantage, promotion. III. i. p. 87.
Band: bond. IV. ii. p. 118.
Baring: shaving. IV. i. p. 112.
Barnes: 'bairns,' children. I. iii. p. 40.
Bestow: treasure up, secure. I. iii. p. 49.
Better: 'better men,' i.e. in superior positions. III. i. p. 87.
Big: proud, arrogant. I. iii. p. 43.
Blaze: heat, rashness. V. iii. p. 145.
Blood: disposition. I. iii. p. 45; "important —," importunate passion. III. vii. p. 109.
Boarded: courted. V. iii. p. 155.
Boggle: start nervously, look scared. V. III. p. 156.
Bold: assured. V. i. p. 140.
Bond: warrant, duty. I. iii. p. 47.
Both our mothers: mother of us both. I. iii. p. 46.
Braid: deceitful. IV. ii. p. 118.
Braving: defiant. I. ii. p. 36.
Breaking: disbanding. IV. iv. p. 134.
Breathe: take exercise. II. iii. p. 76.
Breathing: exercise action. I. ii. p. 36.
Brief: "now-born —," command I give here and now. II. iii. p. 73.
Broken: short of teeth through age. II. iii. p. 68.
Broker: act as a 'broker,' or procurer. III. v. 100.

Glossary

- Bunting:** a very similar bird to a lark, but songless. II. v. p. 82.
- Buttock:** "pin —" = thin buttock; "quatch" = flat; "brawn" = fleshy. II. ii. p. 62.
- Can no other:** can it not be otherwise? I. iii. p. 46.
- Canary:** a lively dance. II. i. p. 55.
- Capable:** susceptible. I. i. p. 29.
- Capriccio:** caprice. II. iii. p. 78.
- Captious:** capacious, capable of receiving. I. iii. p. 48.
- Carbonadoed:** slashed. IV. v. p. 139.
- Cardecue:** Fr. *quart d'écu*, the fourth part of a French gold crown, worth about eighteenpence. IV. iii. p. 130.
- Case:** skin; 'unmask.' III. vi. p. 107.
- Catched:** discovered, revealed. I. iii. p. 47.
- Cess:** cease. V. iii. p. 148.
- Challenges itself:** poses. III. iii. p. 71.
- Change:** interchange. III. ii. p. 92.
- Chape:** the metal fastening by which the sheath was attached to the belt. IV. iii. p. 125.
- Chough's language:** chattering; *chough* = a crow. IV. i. p. 111.
- Cites:** proves, betokens. I. iii. p. 48.
- Clew:** ball of twine. I. iii. p. 47.
- Coil:** "kept a —," a fuss made about. II. i. p. 52.
- Colour:** "holds not —," is not consistent. II. v. p. 84.
- Commoner:** harlot. V. iii. p. 154.
- Company:** companion. IV. iii. p. 120.
- Composition:** compact. IV. iii. p. 119.
- Compt:** reckoning. V. iii. p. 148.
- Con:** acknowledge, render. IV. iii. p. 125.
- Conditions:** disposition, character. IV. iii. 130.
- Congled:** taken leave of. IV. iii. p. 122.
- Consolate:** console. III. ii. p. 94.
- Convenience:** expedience. III. ii. p. 91.
- Convoy:** escort. IV. iii. p. 123.
- Coragio:** courage. II. v. p. 86.
- Coranto:** a sprightly, quick dance. II. iii. p. 67.
- Corrupt:** misquote. I. iii. p. 43.
- Count:** take note. IV. iii. p. 128.
- County:** count. III. vii. p. 109.
- 'Cox my passion':** a corruption of 'God's passion!' an oath. V. ii. p. 144.
- Cressid's uncle:** i.e. Pandarus, who encouraged and connived at Troilus' visits to his niece. II. i. p. 56.
- Crown:** "the fine's the —," 'the end crowns the work,' from the Latin proverb, "*Finis coronat opus*." 'Fine' = *finis*, end. IV. iv. p. 135.
- Curd:** curdle. I. iii. p. 45.
- Curious:** scrupulously careful: Lat. *cura* = care, concern. I. ii. p. 37.
- Curiously:** carefully. IV. iii. p. 120.
- Customer:** harlot. V. iii. p. 159.
- Darkly:** secretly. IV. iii. p. 119.
- Death:** "the white —," the pallor of death. II. iii. p. 68.
- Debate it:** contend for the mastery; *debate* the question of life or death. I. ii. p. 39.
- Deboshed:** debauched, corrupted. II. iii. p. 71.
- Default:** when needed. II. iii. p. 75.
- Defeat:** maintain. II. iii. p. 72.
- Desperate:** reckless. II. i. p. 60.
- Dial:** watch, clock. II. v. p. 82.
- Diet:** properly, 'a regimen by medical prescription,' hence 'subject (me) to restrictions.' IV. iii. p. 155.
- Digested:** absorbed. V. iii. p. 148.

Glossary

- Dilated** : protracted. II. i. p. 54.
- Diurnal ring** : daily circuit of the earth. II. i. p. 59.
- Dole** : allotment. II. iii. p. 73.
- Ears** : ploughs. I. iii. p. 41.
- Embossed** : properly 'covered with foam'; a hunting term meaning 'run him down.' III. vi. p. 106.
- Embowelled of their doctrine** : 'laid under contribution for their most vital knowledge.' I. iii. p. 50.
- Encounter** : meeting. III. vii. p. 109.
- Entertainment** : service. III. vi. p. 103 ; IV. i. p. 111.
- Entrenched** : cut. II. i. p. 53.
- Estate** : social rank. III. vii. p. 108.
- Estates** : social positions. I. iii. p. 44.
- Esteem** : 'what we value as estimable.' V. iii. p. 145.
- Estimate** : "in thee hath —," is esteemed by thee. II. i. p. 60.
- Even** : "it —," fulfil it. II. i. p. 60 ; complete. V. iii. p. 161.
- Even your content** : fully satisfy you. I. iii. p. 40.
- Examined** : questioned. III. v. p. 100.
- Exception** : contradiction. I. ii. p. 37.
- Exorcist** : a raiser of spirits ; used in the classical sense of the word, from Lat. *exorciso*, to raise spirits. V. iii. p. 160.
- Expressive** : cordial. II. i. p. 54.
- Facinorous** : wicked, villainous. II. iii. p. 66.
- Fact** : deed. III. vii. p. 110.
- Falls** : befalls, happens. V. i. p. 142.
- Fancy** : love. II. iii. p. 73.
- Fated** : fateful, fate-ordaining. I. i. p. 35.
- Favour** : countenance, appearance. I. i. p. 29 ; V. iii. p. 147.
- Fed** : "well —," carries the sense of "well trained," the word *fed* being used with the double significance that now attaches to the word 'nurtured.' II. ii. p. 61.
- Feed mine eye** : obtain what I discern. I. i. p. 35.
- Fee-simple** : possession for ever. IV. iii. p. 130-1.
- Fine** : "in —," in short. III. vii. p. 109 ; evasive, crafty. V. iii. p. 158.
- Fistula** : a long, ulcerous passage in any part of the body. I. i. p. 27.
- Florence** : the Duke of Florence. I. ii. p. 36.
- Fond** : foolish. V. iii. p. 154.
- Fond done, done fond** : done foolishly and fondly. I. iii. p. 42.
- Fondness** : love. I. iii. p. 47.
- Fore-past** : former. V. iii. p. 151.
- Found** : found out. II. iii. p. 74 ; II. iv. p. 80 ; V. ii. p. 144.
- Frank** : liberal, open-handed, bounteous. I. ii. p. 37.
- French crown** : bald head. II. ii. p. 62.
- Friends** : relations. I. iii. p. 48.
- Furnish** : endow, equip. I. i. p. 28.
- Gamester** : harlot. V. iii. p. 154.
- Gossips** : stands sponsor for. I. i. p. 33.
- Grace** : favour. V. ii. p. 144.
- Gross** : palpable, obvious. I. iii. p. 47.
- Haggish** : wrinkled like an old hag. I. ii. p. 37.
- Hand** : case. III. vi. p. 104.
- Haply** : perhaps. III. ii. p. 91.
- Happy** : "in — time," in the nick of time. V. i. p. 140.
- Hawking** : piercing. I. i. p. 29.
- Helm** : helmet. III. iii. p. 94.
- Heraldry** : just title. II. iii. p. 77.
- Herb of grace** : rue. IV. v. p. 136.

Glossary

- Hic jacet:** the beginning of a Latin epitaph, signifying 'here lies'; Parolles, in his verbose way, means to say that he will have the drum or 'die in the attempt.' III. vi. p. 105.
- High bent:** a simile from archery. V. iii. p. 145.
- Hilding:** a base fellow. III. vi. p. 102.
- Hold:** uphold. I. i. p. 29.
- Holding:** power to hold. IV. ii. p. 116.
- Home:** thoroughly. V. iii. p. 145.
- Honesty:** chastity. III. v. p. 100.
- Hoodman:** blind-man's buff. IV. iii. p. 124.
- Host:** lodge. III. v. p. 102.
- Idle:** futile, aimless. II. v. p. 84; III. vii. p. 109.
- Important:** importunate. III. vii. p. 109.
- Importing:** significant. V. iii. p. 151.
- Impositions:** injunctions. IV. iv. p. 135.
- Inalldable:** incurable. II. i. p. 57.
- Inducement:** incitement, prompting. III. ii. p. 92.
- Instance:** purpose. IV. i. p. 112.
- Intenible:** incapable of retaining. I. iii. p. 43.
- Into:** upon. I. iii. p. 50.
- Isbels:** waiting - women generally. III. ii. p. 83.
- Issue:** "dearest —," most highly treasured result. II. i. p. 57.
- Joll:** dash, clash. I. iii. p. 42.
- Justified:** proved. IV. iii. p. 121.
- Kicky-wicky:** a slighting term for 'a wife.' II. iii. p. 78.
- Kind:** nature. I. iii. p. 42; I. iii. p. 47.
- Knowingly:** with certainty. I. iii. p. 50.
- Last:** last time. V. iii. p. 149.
- Late:** recently. I. iii. p. 44.
- Leaguer:** camp. III. vi. p. 103.
- Led:** carried. IV. iii. p. 130.
- Left off:** abandoned. I. iii. p. 50.
- Leg:** bow. II. ii. p. 62.
- Lend it you:** make a display of loving you. I. ii. p. 39.
- Lie:** lodge. III. v. p. 98.
- Likes:** those of equal wealth and position. I. i. p. 35.
- Ling:** a coarse fish much eaten during Lent, here typical of meagre food. III. ii. p. 88.
- Linsey - woolsey:** literally, a stuff made of mixed linen and wool; figuratively used for a trashy medley of words. IV. i. p. 111.
- List:** limit. II. i. p. 54.
- Livelihood:** liveliness. I. i. p. 27.
- Longing:** belonging. IV. ii. p. 117.
- Lordship:** the protection of a husband. V. iii. p. 152.
- Lustick:** sprightly, vigorous. II. iii. p. 66.
- Madding:** maddening. V. iii. p. 155.
- Make rope's:** cause us to be roped. IV. iii. p. 118. (See Notes.)
- Makes thee away:** destroys thee. I. i. p. 29.
- Manifest:** proved experimentally. I. iii. p. 49.
- Maudlin:** colloquial form of 'Magdalen,' still retained in the pronunciation of Magdalen College, Oxford. V. iii. p. 148.
- Measure:** dance. II. i. p. 54.
- Medicine:** physician. II. i. p. 55.
- Mell:** meddle, deal. IV. iii. p. 128.
- Mere:** merely, absolutely. III. v. p. 99.
- Merely:** absolutely. III. v. p. 120.
- Misprising:** despising. III. ii. p. 89.
- Misprision:** scorn, disdain. II. iii. p. 72.
- Modern:** ordinary, common. II. iii. p. 65; 'modest' is a generally approved emendation here. V. iii. p. 155.

Glossary

- Modest** : "a — one," a moderately favourable thought. II. i. p. 57. (See Notes.)
- Moiety** : share. III. ii. p. 91.
- Monstrous** : monstrously. II. i. p. 60.
- Monumental** : memorial. IV. iii. p. 119.
- Morris** : morris (i.e. Moorish) dance. II. ii. p. 62.
- Mort du vinaigre** : a senseless exclamation in the form of an oath. II. iii. p. 67.
- Motion** : "self-unable —," untaught imagination. III. i. p. 87.
- Motive** : instrument. IV. iv. p. 134.
- Motives** : incentives. V. iii. p. 155.
- Murk** : murky, dark. II. i. p. 59.
- Muster true gait** : walk in most approved fashion. II. i. p. 54.
- Mute** : silence (I have nothing to say but 'thanks'). II. iii. p. 68.
- Mystery** : trade, professional mastery. III. vi. p. 105.
- Nature** : "our —," like ourselves (i.e. like other young noblemen). III. i. p. 87; manner. IV. iii. p. 125.
- Naughty** : worthless, good for naught. V. iii. p. 157.
- Ne** : nay (an obsolete form even in Shakspeare's time). II. i. p. 59.
- Next** : nearest, most direct. I. iii. p. 42.
- Nice** : delicate, precise. V. i. p. 141.
- Nicer** : less important. IV. iii. p. 123.
- Note** : mark of distinction. I. iii. p. 46.
- Of** : on. III. v. p. 102.
- Order** : precautions. IV. ii. p. 117.
- Ordinaries** : meals. II. iii. p. 74.
- Outward** : not acquainted with political secrets. III. i. p. 87.
- Owe** : to own. II. i. p. 51; II. v. p. 85; V. iii. p. 155.
- Pace** : set pace, trained step. IV. v. p. 138.
- Palmers** : pilgrims. III. v. p. 98.
- Particular** : part. II. v. p. 84.
- Passage** : course of events. I. i. p. 26.
- Passport** : sentence of death. III. ii. p. 90.
- Perspective** : a glass so made as to produce an optical illusion. V. iii. p. 147.
- Phisnomy** : Clown's blunder for 'physiognomy.' IV. v. p. 137.
- Pilot's glass** : hour-glass. (Actually a half-hour glass was used at sea, of which Shakspeare was probably not aware. See *Life and Work*, Chap. XII., Note.) II. i. p. 59.
- Place** : precedence. I. i. p. 30.
- Plausible** : plausible. I. ii. p. 38; IV. i. p. 111.
- Plutus** : the god of wealth. V. iii. p. 150.
- Polsing** : adding the weight of our authority. II. iii. p. 72.
- Port** : gate. III. v. p. 98.
- Practiser** : practitioner. II. i. p. 60.
- Present** : immediate. II. ii. p. 64; II. v. p. 84.
- Presently** : immediately. II. iii. p. 72.
- Probable need** : give it the appearance of arising from necessity. II. iv. p. 81.
- Proceeds** : results. IV. ii. p. 118.
- Proper** : own. IV. iii. p. 120; virtuous. IV. iii. p. 128.
- Property** : 'that which is proper to,' 'what I have undertaken.' II. i. p. 60.
- Questant** : seeker, aspirant. II. i. p. 52.
- Quick** : living. V. iii. p. 160.
- Quit** : acquit. V. iii. p. 160.
- Quoted** : noted. V. iii. p. 155.
- Rate** : price. V. iii. p. 156.
- Ravin** : ravenous. III. ii. p. 93.
- Reave** : deprive. V. iii. p. 149.
- Removes** : post-stages. V. iii. p. 151.
- Rendered** : reported. I. iii. p. 49.

Glossary

- Repairs**: restores, rejuvenates. I. ii. p. 37.
- Repealed**: revived. II. iii. p. 67.
- Repetition**: remembrance. V. iii. p. 144.
- Resolvedly**: composedly. V. iii. p. 161.
- Rest**: "set up your —," a gambling phrase for "staked all you have." II. i. p. 58.
- Richest**: 'that have beheld the greatest loveliness.' V. iii. p. 145.
- Ring - carrier**: intermediary, tool. III. v. p. 102.
- Ruttish**: lustful. IV. iii. p. 128.
- Sadness**: seriousness. IV. iii. p. 127.
- Satisfaction**: "heavy —," sorrowful acquiescence. V. iii. p. 150.
- Saucy**: wanton. IV. iv. p. 154.
- Scarfs and bannerets**: alluding to the extravagant ornaments of Parolles' attire. II. iii. p. 74.
- Senosys**: Siennese, inhabitants of Siena. I. ii. p. 35.
- Sense**: thought. I. i. p. 35.
- Several**: various. I. ii. p. 39.
- Shallow**: indiscriminating. I. iii. p. 41.
- Shrewd**: bad. III. v. p. 100.
- Shrewdly**: greatly, intensely. III. v. p. 156.
- Sinister**: left. II. i. p. 53.
- Sith**: since. V. iii. p. 152.
- Sithence**: since. I. iii. p. 44.
- Smock**: "forehorse to a —," flunkey to the ladies. II. i. p. 53.
- Smoked**: scented. III. vi. p. 107.
- Snipt-taffeta**: slashed silk; one of many allusions to Parolles' fantastic attire. IV. v. p. 135.
- Solely**: altogether. I. i. p. 30.
- Solemn**: ceremonious. IV. iii. p. 122.
- Sovereignty**: mastery (over various diseases). I. iii. p. 49.
- Space**: discrepancy, inequality. I. i. p. 35.
- Spend**: use. V. i. p. 140.
- Staggers**: unsteady courses, bewildering follies. II. iii. p. 72.
- Stain**: streak, touch. I. i. p. 30.
- Stall**: retain, hide. I. iii. p. 44.
- Steely**: unyielding, inflexible. I. i. p. 30.
- Still-piecing**: ever re-closing. III. ii. p. 93.
- Stomach**: inclination. III. vi. p. 105.
- Straight**: straightway. IV. i. p. 111.
- Strangers**: foreign soldiers. IV. i. p. 111.
- Stronger**: most material. IV. iii. p. 121.
- Subscribed to**: avowed the condition of. V. iii. p. 149.
- Success**: result, issue. III. vi. p. 106.
- Succession**: others from pursuing the same course. III. v. p. 98.
- Suggest**: tempt, lure. IV. v. p. 137.
- Suggestions**: solicitations. III. v. p. 98.
- Superfluous**: voluptuous, pampered. I. i. p. 30.
- Surprised**: to be surprised. I. iii. p. 44.
- Sworn counsel**: vow of secrecy. III. vii. p. 108.
- Table**: tablet, panel, canvas, or other substance on which a picture might be painted. I. i. p. 29.
- Tax**: reproach. II. i. p. 59.
- Tinct**: tincture. V. iii. p. 150. (See Notes.)
- Toll for this**: sell, find a customer for this one. Cowell explains *toll* to be 'a liberty to buy and sell within the precincts of a manor.' V. iii. p. 152.
- Too much**: excess of boastful talk. III. ii. p. 92.
- Top**: head. I. ii. p. 38.
- Triple**: third. II. i. p. 57.
- Unhappy**: mischievous. IV. v. p. 138.
- Validity**: value. V. iii. p. 154.

Glossary

Verbal brief: short story. V. iii. p. 151.

Well-entered: being thoroughly trained. II. i. p. 51.

Well-found: thoroughly skilled. II. i. p. 56.

Which: *i.e.* the danger of the King's honour being compromised. II. iii. p. 72.

Wing: of strong flight (a term from falconry). I. i. p. 34.

Woman: overpower me with a woman's weakness. III. ii. p. 90.

Woodcock: supposed to be a brainless bird, hence applied contemptuously to a stupid fellow. IV. i. p. 114.

Word: "as high as —," to the extent of your promise. II. i. p. 61.

World: "go to the —," get married. I. iii. p. 40.

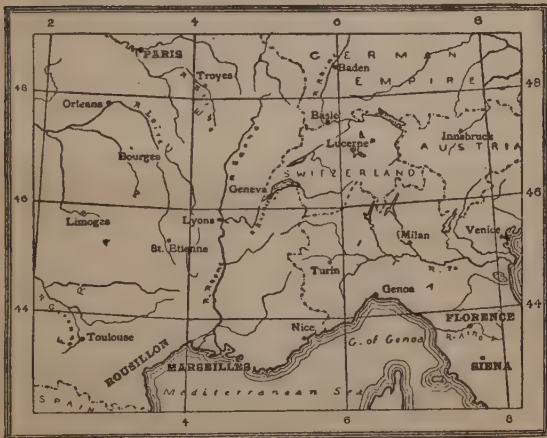
Worthy: merited. IV. iii. p. 119.

Writ: claimed. II. iii. p. 68.

Write: subscribe myself. II. iii. p. 74.

A MAP

SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE PLAY



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